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THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.



THE LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER.

(From Mr. Grant's "Pictures of Popular People.")

"Lodgings to Let," "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen,"
"Furnished Apartments," "Unfurnished Apartments,"
are words which stare you in the face, wherever you

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glance your eye, in all populous towns. In London they are to be met with as plentifully as Falstaff's blackberries. There are whole streets in which you can scarcely find a solitary house which either is not let, or to be let, as lodgings. With the unfurnished lodging-house keeper I have at present nothing to do. My remarks must be

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exclusively devoted to those who let furnished lodgings. The number of persons in London, who earn a livelihood by this means, is incredibly great; I have heard the number computed at 30,000; but as the number of houses altogether does not exceed 250,000, I am inclined to think that this must be an exaggeration. My impression is that 20,000 would be nearer the mark. The majority of lodging-house keepers are persons who have seen better days. It is a calling to which they have resorted when other means of earning a subsistence for themselves and those dependent upon them have wholly failed. The price of lodgings varies, of course, in London and everywhere else, with the respectability of the neighbourhood. The lodgings, for example, which, in St. James's Street, or any other fashionable locality, would bring from four to five guineas a week, would not in the East End bring more than twenty-five or twenty-eight shillings. I have known four guineas per week paid for two rooms in a street leading off Piccadilly, which were inferior to lodgings let in Lambeth for one guinea. In nothing does the general remark apply with greater truth than in the value of lodgings,—“Situation is everything.”

The lodging-house keeper is ingenious in letting her apartments. You see the intimation in the window—“Furnished Apartments to Let.” You knock or ring, or perhaps, determined that there shall be no mistake about “Missus's” prompt presentation of herself, you do both. She has a quick ear for a double knock, especially when she has untenanted apartments on hand. The sound of the knock has scarcely died away, before the door is opened, and there she stands confessed as the mistress of the house. You inquire the rent. She knows better than to answer your question. She evades it by asking another—“Will you walk up, Sir, and see the apartments?” If you do, you place yourself in imminent peril—imminent peril, I mean, of being “taken in,” by being saddled with the lodgings whether you like them or not, and however unsuitable the rent may be to the state of your finances. None but those who have had to go in quest of “Furnished Apartments,” can have the remotest conception of the eloquence of the lodging-house keeper, when praising her accommodation. There are no lodgings like hers. If it were but known, supposing it to be the case, that she meant to leave the house, a hundred applications would be made for it before she could hold up her little finger. She runs over a list of former lodgers, who were so pleased with her apartments, and so delighted with the attention paid to them, that they remained with her for countless years; and not the least extraordinary part of it is, that not one of them left to go to other lodgings. They all either quitted the country, or were foolish enough to run their necks into the matrimonial halter; for she has a decided dislike to any of them marrying, unless it be to her own daughter. Of course she is silent as to the thousands—“Oh! no, we never mention them”—who quitted her lodgings after a fortnight's experience of herself and her apartments. If you say a room is close, she protests and will persuade you in spite of yourself, that it is the airiest in the world. If you hint that it is dark, there is not a better lighted apartment in London. If you see a bevy of children disporting themselves around you, and delicately intimate that you are partial to quietness, her children are the best bred and mildest children on earth, even should they happen to be squalling like wild cats, and tearing out each other's eyes in your very presence.

STRAWBERRY HILL.

“HAVE you been to Strawberry Hill?” was the universal question two months since; now, the postulate is changed to, “Have you *not* been to Strawberry?”—such has been the curiosity about the breaking up of this “pictorial and historical abode” of the Earl of Waldegrave's great ancestor, Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

On one of the burning hot days of last April, towards the close of the “public view,” we started for Strawberry, with a single intelligent friend, the proper quota of society for the occasion; seeing that to be the fugleman and oracle of 250 quarto pages of catalogue was no very desirable post. Without a settled plan, like the patriots of other days, we were “open to all parties,” and so thought the Jehus of Piccadilly; but we were “influenced by none.” Half-a-crown to Strawberry Hill!—why, the extra sixpence had nearly turned our milk of human kindness; so, we resolved to thwart the *omnibusocracy*: every one who appeared on the *trottoir*, catalogue in hand, was beset by these half-crown hornets, who appeared to think that Twickenham had been removed from Richmond and Kew Bridge for their “class interests.” In the spirit of John Bullism, we resolved to escape the sixpenny imposition, and so, got to Kew Bridge for a “shabby shilling.”

Kew is a right royal village, and has the neatest *green* near the metropolis. Here are held no elections or public meetings to trample its trim turf, and settle the fate of the nation in the same movement: even the dead sleep in safety in the church-yard, without the customary protection of iron railings, and the whole place seems hedged in by the divinity of royalty and of genius. Passing the eastern end of the church-yard, we caught a glimpse of the tomb of Zoffany, whom Mr. John Fisher Murray has not thought fit to notice in his *Environers of London*, though he devoted two pages and a half to Gainsborough. The freshness of the brick-work reminded us of the kind-hearted William the Fourth, mainly at whose expense the church was enlarged a few years since; and the monarch could scarcely have left a more fitting legacy to his native village: it will be remembered long after the great events of his brief reign shall be forgotten. Kew-foot Lane is an almost interminable dead flat, and there was no escape from its unsightly brick wall, for the royal pleasure-grounds were not open: the door is unlocked at Midsummer, as punctually as the citizens formerly lit their first parlour-fire on Lord Mayor's Day. A few well-filled equipages and several pedestrians passed us; they all carried “the catalogue,” and appeared as zealous as any pilgrims to Mecca, though a gentleman sweltering in a white Macintosh must have wished Walpole's villa had possessed a Loretto-like ubiquity, and been lifted into London for his special convenience; and with all his toil and trouble, we caught him cooling himself in the pathway of Richmond Bridge. At the tavern-porticoes the waiters stood in expectant groups of as many “candidates for orders” as in an university town. The stream of traffic now thickened on the bridge, as we looked wistfully into the clear stream beneath it, welling forth away, like man's own existence. The dust rose in clouds, and not for the first time, we reflected how people in carriages and on horseback are lifted above such annoyance, having provoked which, they seem to leave the poor pedestrian to grope his way through as he best can. Another lesson this of life, which all who walk, ride, or run, may read. Onward we pressed, as more than one mounted pilgrim seemed to say, “two to one upon the white Macintosh,” who must have wished its caoutchouc back again in the wilds of Guiana; for no pilgrims or peas were ever hotter than this worshipper of Walpoliana. Alack! what a crinkum-crankum road is that to Twicken-

ham! with few means of escape into the fields, so bordered is it with cottages, villas, and brick wall. The little town was almost blocked up with carriages, and reminded one of a race-day at Epsom, with its swarm of grooms, footmen, and ostlers. And here, strangely jumbled with the pride of life, we found the pomp of death—undertakers dismantling a hearse that had just delivered its precious freight to kindred clay. But the town itself seemed alive, or rather, it was well stocked with the staple of existence, for even the bakers' shops were better stocked than usual, and the fishmongers' denoted "company." Still, poor old Twickenham seemed as if about to be pulled to pieces; for here a house was partly taken down, and there the auction-bills on the wall foreboded a similar fate.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING STOCK.

BY MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

PALE flower! that to the stars and dewy hours
Givest thy fragrance, when the day is past;
Eve's modest gem! for none among the flowers,
Have such rich odours on the darkness cast.
Dost thou for slyph or fay thy perfume wake,
Or garden spirit flitting through the gloom;
When moonlight lingers in some forest brake,
And meteor lights the deep blue skies illum?
Thou shalt be dedicate to that sweet bird,
Dweller in shades, and silent all day long,
Of unobtrusive form,—unseen—unheard,
'Till night receives her full deep tide of song.
Like thee, I hail the time when winds are sleeping;
When flowers are closing round the brow of night,
For lonely thought is then a vigil keeping,
And prayers are rising to the throne of light!

BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE.

BY GEORGE GODWIN, JUN., ESQ., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.

THE history of that style of architecture which grew up in Byzantium, after the removal of the seat of empire from Rome by Constantine, is yet to be written. The extent to which it influenced the architecture of Germany, France, and England, was, until lately, very imperfectly estimated, and even now is not sufficiently so. The materials for such a work, which is unquestionably a desideratum, are neither few nor slight. Eusebius describes minutely many of the buildings erected by Constantine and his mother,* as does Procopius even more fully those built by Justinian.† Spon and other old travellers give descriptions of many of these edifices, which now no longer remain; and Hope,‡ Mr. Gally Knight,§ M. Albert Lenoir, and M. Mallay,|| have each proceeded a considerable way in elucidating the subject. M. Lenoir, especially, in his architectural course, delivered at the *Bibliothèque Royale*, Paris, in 1838, and since published in the "Revue Générale de l'Architecture," has ably sketched out the work required.¶

It seems quite clear that Constantinople was the great metropolis of the middle ages, and that at a period when Italy was deeply abused, skilful artists and artisans of all descrip-

tions were to be found in the new city.* They were accordingly sent for to all parts of the empire, and served to diffuse and make general the style of art there in use. Works in mosaic, if not originated by the Constantinopolitans,† were made so entirely their own as to become invariably termed *opus Græcum*, and *Bysanteum artificium*; and stained glass, fresco-painting, and other decorations, were brought by them to great perfection. The buildings erected by Constantine were coated with marble, and the cupolas by which they were covered were plated with gold.‡ The earliest buildings were circular, octagonal, or polygonic. Afterwards the exterior became a square, although the internal plan remained a circle or octagon. In Sta. Sophia, built by Justinian, in the erection of which ten thousand men were employed, the internal plan became a cross of four equal sides, known as the Greek cross, and this building was for a long time the model on which other structures were founded.§ Elongated cupolas, superimposed tiers of small arcades, columns in recesses, larger arches, or circular-headed openings containing within them two or more smaller arches, and plain square or basket-worked capitals to the columns, are some of the details that were then introduced. "In this new shape," says a French writer, (M. Vitet,) "which in truth causes the exclusive admirers of antique purity to shudder, but nevertheless is entitled to the more indulgent praise of the true lovers of the beautiful, the genius of the old Greek architects awakened; less correct, less severe than before, but brilliant with youth and life—more daring, more marvellous. For the second time the Greeks seized dominion over the grand and beautiful art of architecture: it was from them the Arabs received the secret of it; it was by them that its first lessons were imparted to all Europe."

It is somewhat curious to find that Theodoric, king of the Goths, was educated at Constantinople, and ever retained a love of the arts he had there seen practised.|| Ravenna, which was the seat of the Gothic court, vied in magnificence with Rome; and here we find many admirable structures both then and in after times. To ascribe this style of architecture and all that it led to, to the Goths, as some Italian and other writers have done, seems absurd, and has long ago

* Gibbon gives a lively description of the magnificence of Constantinople. He says, "Some estimate may be formed of the expense bestowed with imperial liberality on the foundation of Constantinople, by the allowance of about £2,500,000 for the construction of the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts. *Condinus Antiquit. Const.* p. 11. The forests that overshadowed the shores of the Euxine, and the celebrated quarries of white marble in the little island of Proconnesus, supplied an almost inexhaustible stock of materials, ready to be conveyed by the convenience of a short water-carriage to the harbour of Byzantium." Elsewhere he continues, "A particular description, composed about a century after the foundation of the city, enumerates a capitol or school of learning, a circus, 2 theatres, 8 public and 153 private baths, 52 porticoes, 5 granaries, 8 aqueducts or reservoirs of water, 4 spacious halls for the meetings of the senate or courts of justice, 14 churches, 14 palaces, and 4,368 houses, which, for their size or beauty, deserved to be distinguished from the multitude of plebeian habitations." Too much haste, however, led to too early decay.

† An early instance of the use of inlaid work seems pointed out in the description of the palace of Ahasuerus (Book of Esther, ch. i. v. 6, ascribed to the year 521 before Christ), where a pavement is mentioned "of red, and blue, and white, and black marble."

‡ "Cumque templum omne in immensam altitudinem extulisset, vario lapidum genere splendidum reddidit, à solo ad cameram usque marmoreis crustis illud operiens. Porro cameram lacunaribus minutissime operis obducens, totam auro imbracteavit." Eusebius *ut supra*, "De constructione martyrii apostolorum Constantinopoli."

§ St. Mark at Venice, built by a Greek architect, was one of its offspring, as was the Basilica at Pisa, also by a Greek architect.

|| *Russell's Hist. of Modern Europe*, vol. I.

* *De Vita beatissimi Imperatoris Constantini. Liber tertius.*

† *De Edificiis Domini Justiniani.*

‡ *Hist. Archit.* chap. x.

§ *Normans in Sicily*, chap. xxi.

|| *Essai sur les Eglises Romano-Byzantines du département du Puy-de-Dôme.*

¶ Mr. Willis, in his work on the "Architecture of the Middle Ages," has made some valuable observations bearing on the subject. Dr. Möller's book, "Memorials of German Gothic Architecture," translated by Mr. Leeds, should also be referred to.

been combated; we must go back to Byzantium for its origin.

In the year 553, the Goths were conquered, and Italy was once more united with the Greek empire. Soon afterwards great part of Italy was seized by the Lombards, who made Pavia the seat of royalty, and raised many structures. To ascribe to them, however, the origin of the style of architecture which prevailed in the mis-called dark ages, seems to be equally erroneous; they but copied and further modified the architecture of Byzantium.

Charlemagne raised many edifices in imitation of Byzantine structures, surmounted with cupolas, in Mayence, Aix-la-Chapelle, and in various other parts of Germany and France, by means of which architecture, which had fallen into abeyance, revived, and received a fresh impulse. The church of St. Front at Perigueux, restored on the original model probably about the eleventh century, is one of these. Like the church of Sta. Sophia, the plan is a cross of four equal arms, surmounted by five cupolas on tambours, but which are now hidden externally by a wooden roof. The windows are in threes, connected by a label: each front of the edifice originally terminated with a gable or pediment, but this was in later times filled in, so as to form a straight line round the building, and to receive the wooden roof before spoken of.

Churches on a circular plan, in imitation perhaps of that built by Helena over the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, are not uncommon in France. The church of Charron, in the department of Vienne, of which some fine ruins remain, is a good example. The greater part of the structure, as now seen, is of the 11th or 12th century; at the west end are two turrets with conical stone roofs in scales, similar to those at Notre Dame de Poitiers.

To recall the connexion with Byzantine architecture apparent in the buildings more specially spoken of in this and the foregoing chapters, is perhaps unnecessary; the series of small arcades and sculpture in the principal front, the mosaics, the use of external painting, and the occurrence of cupolas, are all fresh in the mind of the reader. In Germany, where perhaps more than in any other country Gothic architecture, as we now see it, was earliest developed, all the older buildings are decidedly Byzantine. In Cologne, especially, the derivation is so strikingly apparent, that none who visit that most interesting city can fail to observe it. In Saxon England, it seems certain that Byzantine architecture was the model chiefly followed. The abbey church at Hexham, built in the seventh century by Wilfrid, was surmounted in the centre of the transept by a cupola; there were galleries for the women; the arch of the sanctuary and other parts were decorated with histories and images; and the stone work was painted with a variety of colours. The fact that the term *more Romano* was constantly applied to the buildings of this period, does not seem to contradict the position. Constantinople was regarded as a second Rome, its citizens were termed Romans; moreover, we know this description is repeatedly applied by early writers to this very building at Hexham.

We reach truth slowly, and by painfully small degrees; some few detect a fact, others corroborate it in part, information bearing on the point is collected, inferences become apparent; and ultimately a mind arises to lay hold of all that has been said previously, to get rid of the difficulties, and digest the whole into a system. A very few years ago the greatest obscurity prevailed with respect to the semi-circular style, and it was universally called Saxon in works specially devoted to the subject, to distinguish it from the pointed, which was then termed Norman. Writers afterwards, in an equally erroneous manner, as I humbly conceive, termed every building wherein the semi-circular arch was used Norman, without any regard to the country where it was found, or the period which produced it. And even at this time, when so much is being done for the elucidation of architectural history, many still remain with very confused ideas upon the subject, and vacillate between the terms Romanesque, Lombardic, Norman, and Byzantine, often applied indifferently to the same edifices. Let us seek for the truth.

[Appended to a series of *Pen and Pencil Sketches in Poitiers and Angoulême*; in which the learning of the antiquary and the taste of the artist are most felicitously combined: it is by such means only that abstruse inquiries can be advantageously popularized.—Ed. L. S. J.]

THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER BURNES.

THIS lamented individual, who lately lost his life in Cabul, was a distinguished member of several of the scientific societies in the metropolis, and well known in the literary world. His age was between 35 and 40. He entered into the 21st Native Infantry in 1820. When he held the rank of Lieutenant, in 1831, he was deputed in a political capacity to the Court of Lahore, charged with a letter from the King of England, and a present of some horses to the ruler of that country. The object of this mission having been completed, he next made a journey to trace the course of the Indus, which had previously only been crossed at particular points by former travellers, whilst several points had not been surveyed. He here visited many of the conquests of Alexander, and was the first European of modern times who had navigated the river Indus, an expedition attended with great hazard. He then visited Bokhara, the seat of Arabic literature in the East, which was known as Illum ul Balad, the mother of cities. On his return to this country, in 1834, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and received the honorary testimonials of several other societies. In May, 1834, he received from the Royal Geographical Society the fourth Royal premium of fifty guineas, for his navigation of the river Indus, and a journey to Balkh and Bokhara, across central Asia. At the meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society on Feb. 21, 1835, the Earl of Munster, Vice-President, in the chair, the lamented individual was elected honorary member for "having fixed with accuracy the position of Bokhara and Balkh and the great Himalayan mountains, and having done more to the construction of a map of those countries than had been accomplished since the time of Alexander the Great." On this occasion, he was complimented by Sir Alexander Johnston for having almost ascertained a continuous link of communication between Western Asia and the Caspian Sea, as also for his excellent diplomatic arrangements with the Amirs of Sindh. The Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society also contains the Bokhara cloak, worn by him in his travels in the Punjab. He was the author of many papers in the transactions of the Geographical and Asiatic Societies, and his travels in Bokhara are well known. His local rank as Lieutenant-Colonel for services in Afghanistan and Persia, was dated 8th April, 1836, and on his return to India shortly afterwards he was knighted and made a Commander of the Bath. His geographical inquiries in central Asia are unequalled by any modern traveller.

HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.

EXCEPTING Windsor Castle, this is, probably, the most attractive and interesting show-place in the kingdom; for, in addition to the historical recollections that belong to the spot, connected as it is with the memory of so many illustrious Princes of the Brunswick, Stuart, and Tudor lines, who have made this palace their occasional residence, it serves most of the useful purposes of a repository or national gallery of art and *virtu*, a vast variety of specimens of which have been accumulating within its walls during the last fifteen reigns.

About three years ago, that part of the palace which had formerly been shown, upon payment of gratuities or small fees, was thrown entirely open to the public; and yesterday, two rooms and some pictures and tapestry not before exhibited having been rendered generally accessible, we now propose to give some account of these additions to the enjoyments of the place. These rooms lie between what is called the Public Dining-room, better known as the Model-room, and the Queen's Private Chapel. In the first of them, besides several interesting pictures by Rafrano, and others, and portraits of Frederick the Great, Gondomar, James Stuart,

(commonly called the Pretender,) when young, there were two, the "Ganymede" of M. Angelo, and the "Adam and Eve" of John de Mabuse, which deserve a more especial notice, as hitherto, from the bad lights in which they were hung, having obtained less notice than is their due. The "Ganymede" is a picture that both strikes at first sight and attracts the more you study it. It has the boldness of touch, the grace, and truth of outline that characterise the pencil of one of the greatest of painters. The "Adam and Eve" is also an exceedingly pleasing picture, and we should say, much surpasses any thing else by the same hand that we remember to have seen. There is also a Head of a Lady, by Titian, but it is hung much too high to be seen to advantage. The other of the newly-opened rooms contains nothing remarkable, except some portraits of different members of the Brunswick family, and a head of Pope Benedict XIV., bequeathed to George III. by the last of the Stuarts, the Cardinal of York.

The First Presence Chamber will be found a surpassingly lovely picture by Titian, (not before exposed to the public,) called by the attendants a naked Venus, but not having any of the usual cognizances and accompaniments of the goddess about her. We need not say that the flesh is coloured as none but Titian ever coloured flesh; and that the manner, (just the contrast to Holbein's,) in which the boundaries are finished, or, in technical phrase, the contours are *lost*, is perfectly exquisite; and then what a sweet face! like one of those that Raffaele—*liquidis ille coloribus*—loved to make beam and sparkle with youth and beauty and joy. If we might hazard a conjecture, this picture ought to be attributed to the period of Titian's third style. There are ten other pieces by him in the collection.

Another very engaging picture is a John the Baptist and Christ, by Francia; the effect of which, however, is considerably marred by the intolerable anachronisms, among others, of two Carmelite friars in the back-ground, and a church spire in the distance. This hangs in Queen Anne's State bed-room. It may be well to observe that the pictures in all the rooms have lately been so much shifted and displaced, that the usual printed guide-books and catalogues are no longer of much service to the visitor. A curious piece of Holbein's, representing Henry VIII. and family, now in the Queen's Audience Chamber, shows that the supporters of the arms of England in those days were a griffin and a dog with a collar on its neck. We must not pass unnoticed the gorgeous tapestries to be seen in the Model-room. We will first take "Paul striking blind Elymas, the sorcerer," a copy, (excepting the necessary transposition of the figures, &c.) from the cartoon of the same subject. Another represents, with exceeding grace and beauty in the disposition and arrangement of the draperies, a procession, in which King Midas bears a part, the whole surrounded with a fantastic border, composed of representations of game cocks fighting, cherubs, monkeys, and boys, in all kinds of attitudes, interspersed with heads of corn, flowers, fruit, and foliage. A third compartment is occupied by Rebecca giving Abraham's servant water to drink; see Gen. xxiv. 17. This will repay a minute study, the colours being laid on (so to speak) in the most delicate and felicitous manner. The border consists of figures of various allegorical personages, with names appended, such as "Prudentia," "Pugna," "Pudicitia," &c. The remaining pieces represent respectively, Melchizedek, King of Salem, bringing forth bread and wine to Abraham; see Gen. xiv. 18: and the healing of Tobit's blindness by an angel. These may be regarded as *chefs d'œuvre* of the art, and we believe are incomparable.

Of these tapestries it was that Evelyn, (*Memoirs*, under date of May 31, 1662,) said: "I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind, than the stories of Abraham and Tobit." Yet, until now, these invaluable gems have been wholly concealed from public admiration, by pictures, &c. placed over them. It may be interesting to some, to find in the tapestry now at the east end of Wolsey's Hall, that the hair of the young ladies there represented, is dressed precisely in the same mode as is much in use at present. A minute's observation will show this.—*Times*.

New Books.

GRAPHIDÆ; OR CHARACTERISTICS OF PAINTERS.

BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

"THESE compositions," says the author, "were first written down as a kind of sport in art, to describe the painters to whom they severally relate, by some awakened association with a favourite picture, or some general characteristic of the artist's genius. They are here preserved, because it is pleasant to connect the impression produced on the mind by a work of art with any familiar expression in language which the mind may chance to have retained. Some of these little sketches have become more serious than the design which prompted them: in some, perhaps, the tone of criticism has deadened the lively flow of sentiment which they were meant to convey. I am content if in any of them the *idea* of the great works and minds of artists has been partially approached." We are reminded, moreover, that this little volume was privately printed and circulated two years ago amongst the author's friends; and that it is "now addressed to a somewhat wider class of readers," inasmuch as it "may chance to win the favour of a stranger's eye, by reviving some reminiscences of a beauty in art far above its own."

That this elegant little book, put forth under such modest pretensions, has met with a suitable welcome, is evinced by its having arrived to a second edition. The contents, indeed, are such as are well calculated to attract the notice of every lover of the "painter's art." They consist of short sonnet-like pieces on all the most celebrated, and on some of the less remarkable, of European artists, embodying the prominent idea of their great works, as well as, for the most part, the general characteristics of their genius respectively. We not only find a notice of such names as *Raffaele*, *Leonardo da Vinci*, *Correggio*, *Titian*, *Domenichino*, *Michael Angelo*, *Rubens*, *Rembrandt*, *Vandyke*, &c. but also those of less general note, or at least such as the public are less familiar with; for instance, *Pietro Perugino*, *Sebastian del Piombo*, *Andrea del Sarto*, *Ruysdael*, *Wouvermans*, *Morales*, &c. In the execution of his design, we think Mr. Reeve has in general been happy, and in some instances remarkably so. Confining himself in the main to very brief descriptions, or we should rather say perhaps, representations, he has managed to embody a great deal in a small compass, and with a singular felicity of expression. There is great elegance and ease apparent in many of his lines, which, with the rhymes, seem to fall into their right places without any particular effort. Thus the semblance of the artist's mind and feeling, and distinguishing excellence, is not only given with fidelity and correctness, but is portrayed to us with the utmost grace and polished ease. To those who are addicted to the study, to the love and veneration of the great masters in art and their productions, this must become a choice little work, both for its suggestive truthfulness, and its imaginative merits.

The first piece is on a "*Drawing by Giotto*," the friend of Dante, and who painted the poet's portrait; the pupil of Cimabue, he was the greatest of the Florentine school, and may be looked upon as the father of modern painting, as Boccaccio was the father of literature. Passing several names, we come to that of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, and shall quote what Mr. Reeve has to say about him; because his characteristics are very generally known, while there is some little controversy among painters themselves as to certain, (perhaps minor,) constituents of his genius. "Michael Angelo," says Hazlitt, "has followed up, has enforced, and expanded as it were, a

preconceived idea, till he sometimes seem to tread on the verge of caricature. His *forms*, however, are not *middle*, but *extreme* forms, massy, gigantic, supernatural. They convey the idea of the greatest size and strength in the figure, and in all the parts of the figure. Every muscle is swollen and turgid."—"Michael Angelo excelled in grandeur of conception; in him the powers of body and mind appear superior to any events that can happen to them; the capacity of thought and feeling is never full, never strained or tasked to the extremity of what it will bear. It has been said that Michael Angelo painted *man*, and Raphael *men*; that the one was an epic, the other a dramatic painter." In juxtaposition to these remarks of Hazlitt, it may not be uninteresting to place those of Mr. Haydon upon the same great master, before we cite Mr. Reeve.

"The style of Michael Angelo," says Mr. Haydon, "has been called the style of the gods; but if majesty without pretension, humility without feebleness, power without exertion, and an awful presence without vulgar assumption, be the characteristics of a god, what figure of Michael Angelo's deserves that appellation? 'Michael Angelo's mind,' says Reynolds, 'was so original, that he disdained to look abroad for foreign help.' Disdained! why there is not a prophet, a sibyl, or a naked figure in the whole chapel, [the Sistine] where the torso cannot be traced." We might stop here, but we are tempted to proceed with another passage or two from Mr. Haydon, in order that we may have the opportunity of quoting some extraordinary specimens of language and style in one who had said just previously, that, "*poets are not endured if their grammar is bad or their language defective!*" According to this, what shall we say of Mr. Haydon, (though he be no poet, who could write as follows, and for an *Encyclopædia too, of very high literary pretensions? After observing that "Michael Angelo was a *tremendous* genius, and his effect on the art was *vital*," he goes on to say: "Thus Michael Angelo often overstepped the modesty of truth, and gave a swaggering air to his figures. Every figure of his looks as if *he* [who? the figure or the artist?] was insulted and preparing to return a blow. If *they* sleep, [who? the figure?] *they* seem as if *they* would kick; if *they* move when *they* are awake, *they* seem as if all *their* muscles were cracking. We allude particularly to the naked figures, *Jeremiah* and the *Duke* are exceptions; but they are only exceptions. Fuseli observed that Michael Angelo was the *sa't* of art; but it would have been more just to have called him the *pepper* (!) *because very little indeed will do for a seasoning!* In selection of subject and daring execution of hand, perhaps the Sistine Chapel might equal the *great works* of painting amongst the ancients; but in naked representations it cannot be compared to *it* (!) Had Michael Angelo seen the Theseus and Ilyssus, Jupiter's breast and horse's head, he would have felt the difference between the muscular swing of a blacksmith, and a hero naturally born powerful, without his muscles being distorted by manual labour; and that a hero might be elevated and yet simple, fleshy without fatness, and muscular without being skinny. Michael Angelo has been called the deity of design, but he was rather the devil. In fine, Michael Angelo was a *great* genius [before he was a *tremendous* one]; but let the students of Europe be assured that his style has been grossly over-rated. Let them banish his works from their eyes, and substitute the Theseus and Ilyssus, and the real, grand, natural style of Phidias, will soon exclude the satanic Etruscan, and violent anatomical distortions of Michael Angelo. He

may be and was a giant in art; but Raffaele was an angel, and Phidias a god."

But enough: we have been tempted to indulge in these extracts because they are curiosities in their way. What a pity that so valuable a piece of instruction and entertainment as this treatise of Mr. Haydon's confessedly is, should be conveyed to us in such a style and language! To return to Mr. Reeve, whom we may suppose to have penned his few but comprehensive lines while dwelling anxiously and admiringly on some masterpiece of the painter:

"He ranged the host of heaven: the seraphim
Op'd the bright eye and stretch'd the sturdy limb;
Man stood majestic in the strength of years,
And woman's beauty shone undimm'd by tears;
With Heaven's high valour on the strenuous brow,
With power to conquer fiends, whose frauds they know,
He form'd the angel-warriors for such strife,—
God saw the work was good, and gave them life."

Mr. Reeve takes no notice of any name in British art, except incidentally of Reynolds, where it is conjoined, after a saying of Northcote, with those of Vandyke and Titian. And here, we think, had it been consistent with his plan, Mr. Reeve might have enlarged a little more on the characteristics of Reynolds:

"Vandyke upon his faithful canvas spread
The pictured portrait of the mighty dead;
Reynolds the graces of his age revives,
And in his magic glass their image lives;
But Titian's portraits, eloquently clear,
Are living men,—they think, they speak, they hear."

We have here, doubtless, a faithful picture of the peculiar excellences of Reynolds's pencil, so far as it goes; but we have nothing of the man. However, who does not recollect the fond description of him by good-natured Goldsmith?—that

"He had not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering;
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing.
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Our limits forbid our dwelling much longer on this beautiful and elegant little volume; and we shall therefore conclude this hasty and imperfect notice, with wishing it every success (and in that wish we shall not probably be disappointed), and with the citation of some lines on Albert Dürer, the head of the German school, which have pleased us greatly:

"Good Albrecht Dürer, I have not the heart
To hide thy name by any trick of art.
Thou cunning workman of a thousand shapes,
Knights, virgins, ghostly men, and grinning apes!
Thou dreamer of imperishable dreams!
When Melancholy dozed by Lethe's streams;
When his lean jennet bore Sir Death along
Through bosky dells, by castles high and strong,
What mystical and self-consuming sadness,
Mix'd with a gleam of visionary madness,
Chequer'd the kindest soul which ever smil'd,
In the high moods of Genius' busy child." G.

GODFREY MALVERN. BY THOMAS MILLER.
PARTS II. AND III.

THIS successful *serial* candidate progresses well: every page is redolent of truth and nature: the incidents are life-like, and their localities are pleasantly painted. Moreover, the book overflows with love of human-kind; and, although their frailties are not spared, the writer is

* The Encyclopædia Britannica.

earnest in his condemnation of unamiabilities, without a tinge of misanthropic feeling. The spirit of the work is purely English, and must accordingly be duly appreciated. Here are two or three specimens :

The Squire's Daughter.—"She had no mother to guide her aright ; no prim governess to starch her up to the stiff forms of the world ; she was nature's own erring child ; and no marvel, if she often did such things as were at variance with those rigid conventional laws, which select society have drawn too tightly around us. Innocent in heart as a bird, she acted only upon the impulse of her own kind nature ; and such dictates seldom guide us wrong, for there is still that internal monitor, which, although it shrinks not beneath the brand of the cold, grand, formal world, ignorant alike of its censure and its praise, still makes shift to keep within a circle as pure as that on which a thousand lips are ever breathing, and around which as many jealous eyes are ever keeping watch. And to what does all this over-strained courtesy lead ?—to affectation :—it causes us to assume what we are not."

Charity Universal.—"The beggar about to make a meal of the scraps he had picked up in the village, when he heard the moans of an older beggar than himself behind the hedge, complaining of hunger, went and emptied his wallet at the feet of his aged companion, and acted the part of a Christian and a gentleman, although the next hour saw him fasting, and again begging from door to door. It is the motive, not the manner, on which true charity, the basis of every virtue, is founded : a boy sometimes gives a dog a crust with more of this genuine feeling in his bosom, than the proud man subscribes his guineas to some splendid charity. But there matters rest between man and his Maker ; it is only now and then that they burst forth, and at some unguarded moment reveal themselves to the eyes of the world."

Ladies Kissing.—"This is very tantalizing on the part of ladies when gentlemen are present. It is gilding refined gold, throwing sweets upon sweets, metal on metal, and is bad heraldry. It somehow seems to make one restive, to be compelled to sit still and hear such a delightful battery between sweet lips, without being able to take part in the contest. Not that we should have cared to have kissed the widow, although the gipsy had good round pouting cherry lips, and what Suckling calls 'bee-stung.'"

Authorship.—"Godfrey knew not, that if even uncommonly successful in literature, fame is more easily obtained than wealth ; that there are but very few of the most popular authors of the present day, who can manage to live in a style of comfort equal to that of a tradesman of the middle class, and that to do this they labour harder than a mere city clerk. Authorship looks pretty enough in perspective—so does the scenery of a theatre ; but let the beholder once step behind the scenes, and all the enchantment is gone. The happiest actor we ever met with, was one d—d at the outset of his career ; and the most comfortable of all authors, one who sold but 20 copies of his work, then turned his attention to a good thriving trade, and can now sit, and laugh at the attacks of criticism and popular opinion, and enjoy his books at his home without a care. Authors and actors are ever on the rack : like Othello—

'They doat, yet doubt ; suspect, yet strongly love.'"

A TREATISE ON CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, HOOPING COUGH, &c. BY J. P. HOLMES, M.D.

THE object of this work (in its third edition,) is to point out the efficacy of "the endermic and inhalent method of treatment" in affections of the lungs ; in which Dr. Holmes has been very successful. The remedies being applied to the skin, or by inhalation, never disorder the digestive organs, those main sources of health and disease ; in all cases, no extreme irritation of the skin has been excited ; no confinement or particular regimen requisite ; and the same remedy which, endermically applied, has produced such astonishing effects, is almost inert in the stomach.

WHAT TO TEACH, AND HOW TO TEACH IT : SO THAT THE CHILD MAY BECOME A WISE AND GOOD MAN. BY HENRY MAYHEW.

"This treatise," says the author, "is an attempt to deduce the *subject, means, and object* of education, from the laws of the mind. He has endeavoured, by adapting these known laws to the cultivation of the intellect, to deduce certain principles for the encouragement and control of the several faculties of the pupil by the tutor. These laws—when they appeared to him to be correct and sufficient—the author has derived from the lectures of Dr. Brown ; when they seemed to be incorrect, he has, by the most careful analysis, endeavoured to supply the deficiency. Of the style, it may be as well to add, that the author has cultivated the diffuse, as being the more perspicuous—rather than the concise, though this certainly would have been the more elegant. Indeed, he has continually sought, by the repetition or translation of the same idea into different terms, to submit the phrase he has in the first instance used to express it, to those mental tests, which alone can give the reader a notion of the exact sense intended to be conveyed,—a course, which will, doubtless, be more acceptable to such persons as know, and are anxious to avoid the fallacies—than to such as have a taste and inclination for the graces—of language ; to the advocates for precision than to the admirers of prettiness—in a word, to the logician than to the *littérateur*."

So far as this extract conveys the author's design, we have no hesitation in saying that he has fully acted up to it. His little work is both logical and perspicuous. The first part is taken up with telling us what it is that ought to be taught, and the second with the means and method of teaching it. Some of his chapters, of which there are thirty-nine, are exceedingly striking, and display great metaphysical acuteness. The work is not deficient in knowledge and good intention throughout, and is designed to set before us an altogether new plan of education. We should apprehend, however, the author has never tried his own system. We fear he would find it more difficult to act than to speak upon it. It may be an excellent theory, but practice is another thing ; and it is so because there are so many intervening impediments, not, perhaps, essentially, but in the present circumstances of society. Instead, then, of strongly denouncing *schools and school-masters* under the present system, let the blame be thrown rather on their creator—the will of the public. Many well-intentioned tutors have endeavoured of late years to modify the old plan of teaching ; but while the public are unable to appreciate their efforts, they must, if they wish to get bread, adhere still to the old methods. In all social arrangements of this kind, it is the public we ought to look to, and not to individuals or institutions. Whatever there is a call for, will be almost sure of eliciting a sufficiency of candidates. If the popular mind can once be brought to perceive the necessity and superiority of Mr. Mayhew's views of education, much time will not elapse before the requisite institutions and all proper means to carry them into effect, will be forthcoming. While, however, so much more regard is paid to outward qualifications and appliances, than to the intrinsic ones of the mind and character,—while a well-filled purse, no matter *how* filled, is of so much more account than a good heart,—and while the keeping of a horse and gig is the characteristic mark of respectability, we fear such philanthropic efforts as here displayed must remain, if not wholly abortive, at least generally unappreciated. We say *generally*, because there are, doubtless, many individuals who will be inclined to coincide entirely in the views of the

writer; and it is by submitting them to the judgment of others by publication at a cheap rate, that the number of such individuals will probably be increased. And hence one chief value of this essay. We sincerely hope the author may be more successful than we have ventured to anticipate, for his labours are most worthy of deep consideration.

His first chapter may be somewhat startling to the diffusion-of-knowledge-mongers. It is on the "*fallacy of the supposed connexion between reading and writing, and morality and intelligence*;" in the opening of which he observes, and we think very justly, that "notwithstanding the assumed proof of the beneficial effects of reading and writing, still am I simple enough to believe, that a man may be utterly ignorant even of the A B C, and yet be not given to cutting throats; and wholly unskilled in the art of penmanship, and still have no bias in favour of burglary; that Mavor is no preventive to murder, nor Vyse any corrective of vice. And I cannot by any course of reasoning bring myself to perceive, that an inability to read and write must be generally accompanied with a like inability to distinguish between right and wrong; as if the question of *meum* and *tuum* had more to do with Lindley Murray than morals. Nor has a knowledge of reading and writing, it is commonly supposed, a less potent influence upon the head than on the heart. To be ignorant of it is, according to the general opinion, to be not only a knave but a fool; whereas to know it is to become at once a savant and a saint. A man who can neither read nor write, must—at least so run the notions of the world—have a strong prejudice in favour of silver spoons, and against syllogisms—a greater love of larceny than logic. 'Disseminate Dilworth,' say the Educationists, 'and every jail will shortly be converted into a gallery of practical science, and Botany Bay be changed to another Athens. Let but the blessings of the primer,' they exclaim, 'be known to every thief, and philosophy must instantly supersede the picking of pockets, and all budding Jack Sheppards ultimately expand into so many full-blown Socrateses!' And yet, in the teeth of all this, I must confess it is my honest belief, that a man may be perfectly rational, and yet utterly illiterate; that he may have a good sound knowledge of the universe within and without him, and still have no knowledge even of the alphabet." In all this we entirely coincide with the author, and from actual experience and observation we have found, in the country at least, that the sort of learning given to the children of the poorer classes, in such institutions as national and Lancasterian schools, is productive of very little good, though we are not opponents of the system. Doubtless, something more ought to be imparted in the way of moral instruction. We have known, however, in country places, that the most moral, industrious, and frugal of the labouring population, have been those who knew nothing of reading or writing: and we believe it is so still in many country districts,—an evident proof that these elementary endowments have no good effect on the heart, whatever they may on the head; and in some cases we are assured they have had, (not by themselves, indeed, but by the aggregation of a number of objectionable characters under the same roof, and hence by the contamination of bad example,) an injurious tendency. Are servants, we ask, generally so careful, industrious, and steady, as they used to be? Do they take so general an interest in their employers' service as they did formerly? Let facts speak for themselves, and if we resort to an extensive induction of them on this subject, and not confine ourselves to metropolitan localities, we shall be the more inclined to acknowledge the justness of our author's remarks, and conclude with him that something more than mere reading and writing—something of a

moral nature, is becoming absolutely necessary in popular education.

In the next chapter, Mr. Mayhew sums up the advantages which are likely to accrue from a knowledge of these arts; i. e. reading and writing; and then proceeds to define education, and the relation between it and these arts. And we may here observe that he considers a just education to consist of three distinct branches, as he terms them—the *intellectualization*, the *moralization*, and the *prudentization* of the pupil, though we should conceive that the third is involved in, or a species of, the second. And hence he promises us two treatises in addition to the present—the one on the Cultivation of Morality, the other on that of Prudence. In reference to the distinctive faculties of human nature, and the partial use made of them in education, Mr. Mayhew observes:

"Man is possessed of, and characterised by, not only understanding, but conscience. He can feel the rectitude and criminality of actions, as well as perceive the agreements and differences of things; and it is, consequently, to the cultivation of those two specific qualities, or characteristics of human nature, that the education of man should always have reference. By the majority of persons, however, the phrase is understood as signifying the evolution of only one of these faculties. Education is commonly conceived to consist of, and the labours of the greater number of our instructors are accordingly directed to, solely the intellectualization of the subject. While, to many people, the term has not apparently even this limited construction, for (judging by the process adopted in several of our schools, and especially in those which are esteemed as among the best,) it would seem that education is thought, both by the tutors and parents of the scholars there, to lie almost entirely in what may be called the *latinization* of the being.

"But even among the more intellectual of the class, education seems, from what the pupils are taught, to be generally considered to have little or no reference to the moralization of the being. We are to make a boy *wiser*, is the common notice of the object of instruction; but *not better* than he would otherwise become. There are many professed schools for the *head*, but none that I know of for the *heart*. The classics, according to the popular opinion, are *essential*; morality is only *incidental* to education. The New Testament, it is true, is studied in many classical establishments; but studied—for the Greek! The doctrines of Christianity, (that vast system of ethics, which required a special life in order to be inculcated,) are certainly taught in most infant academies; but taught—by a catechism! In fine, the main defect, nay, evil, of our present mode of education, lies in the fact that the chief object and tendency of all our instruction, is the formation of good scholars, rather than good men. The prime source of this error is to me a profound and popular ignorance as to the nature and use of the intellect. Upon a sound knowledge of the functions and purport of the intellectual principle, together with its relation to the moral one, a correct system of mental cultivation can alone be founded; for in education, as in chemistry, it is evident that we can operate with precision only by knowing the qualities and laws of the subjects of our operations. To acquire such knowledge is, therefore, the first, and not the least important object, which, in an inquiry like the present, should engage our attention."

With this *coup d'œil* of what is to be expected from this excellent essay, our limits compel us to close this imperfect notice. But we must not take leave of it without most strongly recommending this cheap, able, and enlightened production to every reader who is desirous of seeing what can be said—and said in the most masterly manner—on the all-important, extensive, and vital subject of the intellectual and moral training of the human being. G.

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CONDUCTED BY JOHN TIMBS, THIRTEEN YEARS EDITOR OF "THE MIRROR," AND "LITERARY WORLD."

No. 78. NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1842.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

HAVING completed a Volume of "THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL," I request your attention to a brief retrospect of the means by which I have sought to carry out the improvements in this Miscellany, proposed at the commencement of my undertaking.

In the Publisher's announcement of the change in the Editorship of THE JOURNAL, in December last, it was promised that especial attention should be paid to the *advancement in the tone of its Literature*; and, a month later, in a Prospectus freely circulated among "friends fast sworn," I wrote as follows:

"I rejoice to add that I have already received so many 'lines of fair encouragement,' and such assurances of the interest taken in my new enterprise, as to leave no doubt of its success. I promise, in return, all that untiring industry, on my part and that of my *collaborateurs*, can secure for your intellectual gratification. Originality and freshness of subject shall be the staple of 'THE LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL;' integrity the cardinal point of its criticism; and the improvement of the heart as well as the head the characteristic of every column.

January 29, 1842."

In attempting to fulfil these promises, I have been essentially aided by several accomplished hands; and for such assistance I have to tender my best acknowledgments. Their Contributions, in prose and verse, occupy more than one-fourth of the volume of THE JOURNAL, just completed; and many of these papers are distinguished by such talent and feeling, as would grace the pages of any literary miscellany in the country.

Of my own Editorial papers, extending to nearly half the volume, it becomes me to speak with more hesitation. I may, however, be permitted to refer to the main design of these labours, and to leave their execution to public opinion. In the Illustrated Articles, I have aimed at "originality and freshness of subject;" though, in seeking novelty and amusement, I trust that I have not overlooked utility and information; and, it may be observed, that I have rather avoided than followed any taste for false wit or flimsy humour; however these extrinsic qualities might, for a time, "set the table on a roar," and prove attractive to a section of readers. On the other hand, I have striven to encourage healthy tones of thought and mental gratification, though not at the expense of morality, or the charge of dulness.

I can conscientiously refer to the *Reviews of New Books* in THE JOURNAL, for their honesty; and, although it is, by no means, impracticable to turn a bad book to good account by an exposure of its errors, in no instance has this plan been invidiously followed. Unattached to any *clique*, or party, and possessing fewer literary intimacies than the majority of persons who have moved in the world of letters for nearly two-thirds of their life-time, which has been my lot—the Reader may rest assured that, in my critical columns, neither the good opinions are the fruits of favouritism, nor the objections the result of invidiousness—but the praise and censure are alike the offspring of conviction. I have reason to believe these exertions have been amply appreciated; and, to give still more effect to this department of THE JOURNAL, as well as to raise its general literary character, I have, after much consideration, resolved, in future, to hold the Illustrations as incidental or secondary to the work; or, in other words, to discontinue the usual frontispiece Engraving, and occupy its place with more sterling matter. It is certain that Pictorial embellishment is not, in every case, indispensable to success; and, in this instance, I am persuaded that the time and cost requisite to produce an Engraving for each Number, may be more advantageously employed in multiplying its literary attractions; and the change will, I trust, prove to the interest of every Reader.

It is gratifying to find that from the testimonials, public and private, of the conduct of THE JOURNAL during the past six months, I am justified in the anticipation of its continued prosperity; although I am not disposed to imitate the full-blown vanity of printing any of these praises in polyglot. Approbation of the past will, however, I trust, be no mean security for the satisfactory performance of the future.

J. T.

June 23, 1842."

* In reply to several kindly communications respecting the *res repetita* of a Journal lately under my control, it should be understood that my connexion with the Miscellany in question, ceased in July last.

JACK GRAB.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

ALMOST every town and village has its "unclaimed house," which is generally some dilapidated mansion that has been in Chancery since the memory of the oldest man in the village. Those who originally laid claim to the property have died off, until the building seems to have given itself up in very despair of ever having another owner, or only promising, at best, the victor at law a heap of ruins for his reward. Such a mansion have we in

VOL. IV.

Warton Woodhouse,—every door and window having long ago shaken off the guardianship of lock and bolt, and rendered ingress and egress easy at all seasons. It had long been the shelter of the houseless beggar, the stray donkey, the homeless dog, and the play-ground of the village children in wet weather,—by turns, stable, cow-house, and pig-sty, until at last it was thought too insecure even for purposes like these. Just before it had all but become

"The raven's bleak abode,
The apartment of the toad,"

B